

# STAR THEATRE

To-day---July 15



WILLIAM FOX presents

WILLIAM FARNUM

IN ZANE GREY'S TRIUMPHANT NOVEL

## 'The Last of the Duanees'

A Red Blooded Story of Tense American Life.

A Big 7 Reel Production. Also Ford Weekly.

TOMORROW, JULY 16th

An Edgar Lewis Production

## "SHERRY"

A George Barr McCutcheon Story, with Youth as the

Keynote, Harmonized with Romance,

Adventure and Mystery.

ALSO A GOOD HAROLD LLOYD COMEDY.

## MECHANICVILLE

A large number of young people of this city attended the dance last evening at the Casino at Round Lake. Mr. and Mrs. James O'Bryan of Rotterdam are the guests of Mrs. Henry Wixted.

Mrs. D. Kelleher of Brooklyn is being entertained by friends in this city. P. J. Eastwood has purchased the residence of the late George Baxter on East Saratoga avenue and took possession yesterday.

Miss Catherine Gaffney of Ballston is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. John H. Hunt of Green street.

Mrs. Herbert I. Gardner of Hemlock street has returned from a stay of five weeks in Colorado, where she was visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. N. Tilton.

City Judge Thomas J. Finigan and daughter, Miss Rose Finigan, leave Saturday for a stay of ten days at Chestertown, N. Y.

A special meeting of the board of education will be held tonight at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Ellen Mackrell of Lansingburgh, mother of State Senator John J. Mackrell, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. J. Beam, North Main street. Miss Marion J. Weber of Park avenue, is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Massey, at the Massey cottage at Saratoga Lake.

Miss Jennie May O'Brien, formerly of this city, but now of Troy, spent Wednesday with her aunt, Mrs. Mary Manchester, of 25 School street.

H. C. Lowen, local wire chief for the New York Telephone Co., accompanied by his wife and son, are spending two weeks at Lake Cossayuna, N. Y.

### Boy Drowned at Whitehall.

Thomas Costello, eight years of age and son of Capt. Thomas Costello, of the canal boat, Gold Dust, Tuesday, while stepping from a boat to the dock near The Lake Champlain Transportation Company's office at Whitehall, was drowned, when he lost his footing and fell between the dock and the boat. The body was recovered in less than fifteen minutes and Dr. J. S. Guinan worked unsuccessfully on the little fellow for some time. The body was taken to Doreen's undertaking rooms. The father of the boy is a resident of New York, his wife being the daughter of William Guindon, formerly of Whitehall.

### Schaghticoke Autobus Burned.

One of the autobuses operating between Troy and Schaghticoke was destroyed by fire Sunday night at 8:30 o'clock at a point on the highway between Schaghticoke hill and Schaghticoke. The bus had just discharged its last passenger when the flames burst forth and it was quickly consumed. A defective wire is thought to have been the cause of the fire. The vehicle was owned by Lester Freeman and was valued at \$2,000. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

### Fire at Schaghticoke.

Flames were discovered Tuesday morning in the storehouse of the Cable Flax Mill at Schaghticoke, where \$40,000 worth of American flax is stored. The company's fire department responded and the powerful fire pumps were put into quick action. After a hard fight for an hour and a half, the fire was confined to the storehouse. The loss is roughly estimated to be close to \$5,000 and the fire is thought to have been caused by spontaneous combustion.

### At Cost Train Fares.

Rochester, July 15.—The common council at a special meeting last night approved the service at cost contract negotiated by the mayor with the New York State railways. The contract, which is effective August 1, provides for an initial fare of seven cents and control of operation of the company's Rochester line by a commissioner named by the city and paid by the company.

### Hangmen Strike.

London, July 15.—The hangmen of Germany have gone on strike for increased wages, says a Berlin dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph yesterday, quoting German newspapers. At Meiningen, according to the dispatch, the execution of a murderer could not be carried out, as the Halle and Munich hangmen refused to work.

### Sage a Candidate.

Senator Henry M. Sage of Albany, in his first public statement concerning the gubernatorial nomination, yesterday consented to be the candidate of the Republican party—if the delegates at the Saratoga unofficial convention recommend him for the nomination. This was taken as an indication that Senator Sage would not make a primary fight for the nomination.

## KOH-I-NOR'S STORY ENDLESS

Complete Tale of Matchless Diamond, Now One of British Crown Jewels, Was Never Told.

All the world has heard of the Koh-i-nor, or, as it has been sometimes called, the Great Mogul diamond, and it would seem that there was nothing more to be said about it, remarks Eleanor Maddock in Asia Magazine. Yet, in point of fact, not a tenth part of its history has ever been traced, so far does it extend back into the vistas of the past.

Perhaps one of the strangest things about it is that it cannot be lost to the world indefinitely. It was bricked and plastered up in a wall and miraculously found after its former owner had been murdered. It was twice thrown away as a bit of glass and once went to the washerwoman in the pocket of an Englishman's drill suit. This matchless gem is called in India the "Mountain of Light" and the "Talisman of Kings;" the latter because it was said to bring sovereignty to its possessor. Strangely enough, after it fell into the hands of a Turkish slave of illegitimate origin, a line known as the "Slave Kings" sat on the throne of Delhi for eighty years, during which period the desire to possess the talisman amounted to a frenzied obsession. Suddenly it disappeared in the chaos that brought the slave dynasty to an end in 1290.

The Koh-i-nor later scintillated without bloodshed through the reign of Shah Jahan down to his son Aurangzeb, who exhibited it to a number of Europeans whom he was entertaining at his court. Among them was Tavernier, the French jeweler, who later wrote a descriptive account of it for the delectation of Europe. After being tossed like a shuttlecock in the Delhi loot, and remaining for a period of years with the Sikhs in the Punjab, this most celebrated diamond in the world now rests on a purple velvet cushion among Britain's crown jewels in the grim old Tower of London.

### How Wit Helps Legislation.

It is sometimes said that a reputation for wit is fatal to a serious legislative career. But the statement is not altogether true, for more than once a bit of wit has prevented legislative folly.

It is a tradition in Philadelphia that during the constitutional convention it was proposed to incorporate in the Constitution a provision that the United States army should never exceed 3,000 men. According to the tradition the debate, which was possibly informal and outside the regular sitting, was abruptly cut short when Benjamin Franklin solemnly suggested that there be incorporated another clause making it part of the organic law of the land that no foreign nation should ever invade the country with an army of more than 3,000.

A somewhat similar point was scored in the state legislature a few years ago when, during a discussion not over well based, it was proposed by a shrewd Yankee from the hills of Sunderland, F. L. Whitmore, that a law should be enacted providing that no one should be obliged to work between meals.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

### Tasmania Has Rare Mineral.

Tasmania now promises to become the world's chief producer for some time to come of the rare mineral osmiridium. The various osmiridium yielding centers of this extensive serpentine belt on the west coast are already giving profitable employment to 200 men, and it is an easy matter for an industrious digger to earn up to \$10 a week, while many are making double that and more. A complete bulletin on this highly interesting mineral occurrence is in course of preparation, and its publication, it is expected, will attract the attention of the whole mining world to Tasmania. Last year 1,670 ounces of osmiridium was produced in Tasmania, the value being \$24 per ounce.

### Machine Needed.

Cotton might become much cheaper if some ingenious inventor would devise a mechanical means for picking it—the work of picking being the costly item, in time and labor.

There are cotton-picking machines on the market, but none of them is very satisfactory. One of them operates on the principle of a vacuum cleaner, sucking the bolls off the plants through rubber tubes. Another utilizes steel bristles for entangling the bolls.

When a really practical contrivance for the purpose is obtainable, an average farm family in the South will be able to produce forty bales of cotton in a season, instead of seven bales.—New York Times.

### Kill a Million Prairie Dogs.

Complete extermination of what was considered one of the largest prairie dog "towns" in the West has been reported to the predatory animal inspector's office at Phoenix, Ariz., by the Chiricahua Cattle company of Cochise county, southeastern Arizona. More than 1,000,000 prairie dogs were estimated to have lived on the company's ranch of more than 80,000 acres until the management started an offensive campaign against them. Now their vast honeycombs of underground burrows are utterly deserted, the company reported.

### His Bit.

Ex-Buck—Gotta job at last.  
Ex-Sarge—Did ya? Doin' what?  
"Carrying samples for a salesman."  
"What line?"  
"Anvils."—The Home Sector.

## BISCUIT PERFUME

By R. RAY BAKER

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At seven o'clock George Henderson's alarm clock rang down the curtain on the dream and his eyes sprang open.

The room looked the same as always, and yet there seemed something strange about it. Finally it dawned on him that a perfume from the past was scenting up his surroundings—a perfume of baking biscuits.

The strange thing about it was that in his dream he had been seated at a table about to begin an attack on warm biscuits and maple syrup.

The faint sound of an oven door banging shut and the rattling of pans came from the next room.

"The new light housekeepers," George commented, as he crawled from bed and began to dress. "That won't last long. Mrs. Maloney simply won't stand for any baking."

Arriving at his office, George waded into his correspondence, gave instructions to his assistants and clerks, then secluded himself from all callers and gave himself up to day dreams.

Elsie Havers was the cause and the subject of these dreams, George could not forget her, although he had seen her last ten years ago. At first, when he came to Detroit, he had given her scarcely a thought, he was so busy making good in the real estate "game;" and besides, his fellow workers were acquainted with a number of attractive city girls, one of whom quite captivated George and allowed him to spend a great deal of time with her and a great deal of money on her; until her former sweetheart, who had been West, came back and married her, and took her to Colorado.

When George recovered from the blow he discovered he had never loved Vivian; it had been simply a case of infatuation. His thoughts naturally reverted to Elsie, and he attempted to renew his neglected correspondence with her. His letters came back unopened, stamped "Unclaimed." He wrote to mutual friends and learned that Elsie and her mother had left Harbor Springs and were living in Chicago, although their address was unobtainable.

"Why not pay the old town a visit, anyhow?" he asked himself after a few moments more of cogitation. Twelve hours later he stepped off the train at Harbor Springs. As he walked up a bluff his gait increased.

Before long he met a farm driver in which he noticed a number of large tin cans.

"Hello," he called. "Wait a minute." The driver applied the brakes, and the machine stopped.

"Well, well," said the driver. "If it ain't George Henderson!"

"Bill Jackson!" George exclaimed, and he extended a hand, which met a firm, warm clasp. "Are you still dealing in maple syrup?"

"You bet. Here's thirty gallons. I'm taking 'em to the store." "Won't twenty-nine be enough for the store?" asked George, reaching for his pocketbook. "I haven't tasted maple syrup in ten years."

"Nope, I can't sell it." Bill's face was covered with a multitude of grinning wrinkles as he added, "but I'll give you one, for old time's sake, you know. You used to be my best customer."

George thanked him and trudged on with his can of syrup. It was heavy, but it wouldn't be after he found the shady spot. Sooner he came to a four corners. On each of the corners was a house. George paused in front of the smallest.

"Elsie's old home," he sighed. "Wonder who lives there now?"

He mounted the porch. The door was open and only a screen barred his progress. To his astonishment the same perfume that had assailed his nostrils two mornings ago came from the interior of the house.

He knocked, and a middle-aged lady, with white hair, bustled to the door. When George saw her he dropped the can of syrup on the porch floor.

"Mrs. Havers!" he almost shouted, wringing her hand.

"Well, well, George. It does seem good to look on your face once more. And what's in that can? Maple syrup? I might have known it. You're just in time for breakfast—and we have biscuits—always do for breakfast—even down in Detroit!"

George was walking toward the kitchen. He stuck his head through the doorway and his eyes took in a young lady bending before the oven. The girl looked up and their glances met.

"What—what are you doing here?" she faltered, and her eyes found the floor.

"I just dropped in for breakfast. You see, I have maple syrup, and you—you have the biscuits; so I thought we might collaborate."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Havers, as she poured syrup on a biscuit, "we thought it would be nice to spend the summer in the old home—be resorters, like the folks over on the point; so here we are—came just yesterday morning. Yes, we liked Chicago fairly well, but Elsie thought she could get a better position in Detroit, so we moved there only last week. We found a nice place right at the start, but we had to get out—because we just had to have our biscuits, and Mrs. Maloney said the other roomers couldn't stand the smell of them; so we decided to take a vacation, and use up some of the money we had saved, and, as I said before, here we are."

## Kill Perspiration Odor

Odorono 35c, 65c, \$1.00

Mum 25c

Nilodox 50c

Amolin 30c, 60c

Spiro Powder 25c

Eversweet 25c

## TALCUM TIME WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

Orange Blossom . . . . .	50c	Mary Garden . . . . .	35c
Squibbs . . . . .	25c	Mennen's . . . . .	30c
Thirza . . . . .	50c	Three Flowers . . . . .	50c
Just Out . . . . .	50c	La Boheme . . . . .	50c
Lov-me . . . . .	25c	Williams . . . . .	25c
Djer Kiss . . . . .	35c	Quelques Fleurs . . . . .	1.25
Lady Mary . . . . .	35c	Ideal . . . . .	1.25
Pompeian . . . . .	25c	Colgate's . . . . .	20c & 25c
Mavis . . . . .	25c	Pussywillow . . . . .	35c

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## HAIR REMOVERS

Neet . . . . .	50c	Remova . . . . .	50c
De Miracle . . . . .	1.00	Delatone . . . . .	1.00
Evans' Depilatory . . . . .	50c	Modene . . . . .	1.00
X Bazin . . . . .	50c	Kay De Ko . . . . .	50c

## BELLE MEAD SWEETS

GET THE HONEYMOON HABIT

Take home a box of these delicious chocolates.

We receive a fresh supply every week.

Prices \$1.10 to \$2.00 the Pound

One, Two and Three Pound Packages.

### Traveling Via Freight.

John Mangrain, colored, aged 22, who claimed that his home was in Griffin, Ga., and who had been working in Rome, N. Y., and had started on a trip to Boston, Mass., via the freight route, was arrested last evening by Detective Richard Ralston of the B. & M. force. He was lodged in the city jail to await a hearing and examination. The man had in his possession when arrested a .32-calibre revolver.

### Fine Catch of Pickerel

C. H. Haviland, Mechanicville's well-known jeweler, has returned from a four days' stay at Lake George, and yesterday went fishing. He caught eight pickerel with a total weight of twenty pounds. This was a splendid catch. Mrs. Haviland and daughter are spending a week at the lake as the guests of Mr. Haviland's parents.

### Golf Team Match.

The Mechanicville Golf Club will entertain the Hoosick Falls Golf club on Saturday when the latter, with a team consisting of twenty players will compete with the home team in a match game of golf. An entertainment and luncheon will be enjoyed in the evening.

Order the Hudson Valley Times delivered to your home every day.

### Layoff at Arsenal.

More than 200 men will be laid off at the Watervliet arsenal today. With this lay-off the plant reverts back to its pre-war basis.

### SPECIAL OFFERING

On account of owner leaving city we offer biggest bargain of the year. 2 flat frame brick lined dwelling, every modern improvement. Oak floors, best hot water heating system, filtered cistern, many unusual features. Large 2 story barn. Finest residential location in city. Lot 50x150.

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### We Have Secured the Agency for SPECIAL AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Get Our Prices

The value of the quality equals a cord tire.

J. H. BUNCE & SONS

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## RESOLUTE LOSES

(Continued from Page One.)

ty-five seconds. The sun struggled weakly through the clouds, tipping the rain covered sails and the wind dropped almost to a calm as the racers drifted slowly along. As the Resolute was in the lead she got the puffs first and strengthened her position.

The Shamrock was a trifle to leeward in passing the buoy. The tack of the Shamrock in shore cost her nearly one-half mile. The Resolute sailed several miles under No. 1 jib top sail and forestay sail, her jib being up in stop.

The official time at Shrewsbury buoy:

Resolute . . . 1 hr.—48 min.—11 sec.

Shamrock . . . 1 hr.—52 min.—45 sec.

Both yachts shifted back to baby jib top sails after passing Shrewsbury rock. The wind increased as the yachts neared the outer mark and the Resolute held up to it better than the Shamrock.

Approaching Long Branch, the Resolute was going fast, headed on the star board tack, with a chance to reach the mark and it looked as if the Shamrock would have to take in their tack.

Passing Long Branch the yachts run into another squall. The Resolute, receiving its first, heeled over and spurred forward with the challenger tagging along in her wake, the ebb tide giving considerable impetus to both racers.

The Shamrock again went about to star board tack, which the Resolute had held.

### Weather Forecast.

Thunder showers this afternoon or tonight; Friday probably fair, slightly cooler tonight in southern portion.



## YES, I ALWAYS BUY HERE

I find McCormick's meats always superior in quality, yet reasonable in price too. The folks at home always enjoy the meats I get here. I advise you to try McCormick's also. They won't disappoint you.

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